



AN
ELEGY
ON

That Grand Example of
Loyalty, Valour, and Conduct,

Sir Edward Spragg,

Unfortunately Drowned (after Incomparable
proof of *Heroick* Gallantry) in the late

ENGAGEMENT,
WITH THE
DUTCH.

August the 11th 1673.



LONDON,
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TO THE HONORABLE SENATE
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE
JANUARY 1888

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

APRIL 1887

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AN ELEGY

ON

Sir Edward Spragg.

TO *Scenes*, where Death doth with most horrid look,
And Cowards are by safety quite forsok,
Where Valour is most naked, and where harms
Know no Resistance, nor defensive Arms
Where Heaven's, *Mask'd*, and the Sun's gl'ring Rays
Are Choak'd in Fogs, which Sulphurous Vapour raises,
My flutt'ring *Muse*, address her humble flight,
Through the resembling shades of doleful Night:
Where meeting *FAME*, upon that pathless way,
With flagging Wings, I courted her short stay;
Unto a lovely Bank we both retir'd,
With expectation beyond patience fir'd:
Whom with a Breast big as a Billow I wel'd
To these sad Accents, I at length compell'd. (s.d,
BRAVE SPRAGGIS GONE, (quoth she) which having
Down dropt the *Wreath* which o're his Valiant Head
She long, as his just merit, haveing held:
His *Head*, whose matchless Valour so excell'd:
Whose mighty deeds were Echo'd heretofore,
From *Lybian* Sands, to the *Barbarian* Shore:
His dreadfull Name striking with equal fears,
The Infidels of *Holland*, and *Algiers*:
Those Barbarous *Midland* Rovers he made bow,
As suddenly as with commanding Brow
Old *Neptune's* wont to still the unruly Waves,
And having Charm'd at *Bugia* those Slaves:
With full-blown Sails doth as in Triumph come,
To Quell Mighty Usurpers nearer Home:
Tell me Audacious *Dutch*, did ye ere know,
An Earth-quake shake your Quagmire before now:
Like to his fatal strokes, or that dire Thunder,

But

An ELEGY, &c.

That made of late your *Hogan Mogans* wonder.
And think the dreadful day of Doom was come,
When *Thetys* op'd her too too-Loveing Womb :
To Receive this her dear and best bred Son :
E're half the wonders of his days were done ;
T'was kind, yet at that Kindness we must weep,
To make her Darling, in her bosome sleep,
But *Narrow-Seas*, hold not him, whose great mind
Was like the spreading Ocean, unconfin'd :
For the loud Thunder of his Cannons Roar,
Wakned his Fate, and made him rise once more.

*So great a Soul could not but Conqueror dye,
And when he fell, bequeath us VICTORY.*

How wilt thou, Fate! Excuse this great mistake,
That thou dost still thy vow with merit Break ?
Did Clouds of Smoake so darken thy dim Eye,
That for *D' Ruyter* Valiant *Spragg* must die :
Should'st thou now offer Him it were but Vain.
And still there's cause against thee to complain.
But let us not Eclipse so brave a Fate,
By whining Language, rather Celebrate :
Spragg's Glorious fall, whose valour being Try'd
To a full Height in, Honours Bed he Dy'd :
If Advocates gain Honour in a Cause,
Of paltry Trespas at the Common Laws:
What meritts He that pleads with dint of Sword,
And Dares be Kill'd, or Kill at ev'ry word ;
By whose success or Kingdoms fall or stand
The Fate of Empires waiting on his Hand :
Such, such, was Valiant *Spragg*, whose Fate being heard,
A general sadness through the Fleet appear'd :
The Loving *Seamen* grown distracted, Tore
The Tatter'd Birts of Sails and did deplore :
More than their wounds, His most Lamented Death,
Whilst their Eyes Bled, and Breasts for sighs want Breath,
Amongst whom, *one* less tongue ty'd than the Rest,
Thus passionately his kind Respects Express :

" Thus far we are beholding to that Wave ;
" which gives the *Earth*, the honour of his Grave,
" And since salt Waters did his life surprise,
" Wee'l leave no moisture in our Briny Eys :
" Though his Lov'd Life, our Prayers, could not save,
" Weel make with Tears an *Island* of his Grave.

FINIS.

S. W.

